



Five Men Put Out the Octopus—Four are in This Group.

The Octopus was the most daring moonshine publication ever attempted around the vicinity of the University. A publication which caused many to comment and speculate in many different directions. A publication of which many different men in the University have been unjustly accused of having published—for as

many different reasons as there are supposed to be tints in the rainbow and in all the different color schemes in the imaginative minds of the most imaginative artists.

This has occupied the exclusive attention of one of the Yellow Extra sleuths for several months.

The Yellow Extra has for some time felt that it would be a great

scoop if it could ferret out who these daring moonshine publishers were and what their drastic object could have been. With that end in view the editor of the Yellow assigned one of the best reporters that ever scented news to undertake the tremendous task of unearthing the perpetrators—to run the Octopus to its lair if it had one—trail it to its

tree if it lived in a nest—to follow it to the big "Muddy" if it lived in water—in short, to follow the many-legged and many-eyed thing to the end of the earth.

The sleuth reported his success this morning. But so complicated was the trail that he only discovered that five men put out the Octopus and only four of these are still in school. The

wily reporter refused to name the five men and to show his marvelous power he submitted the above photographs and could be persuaded to saying nothing but that four of the men who put out the Octopus are in the group. We are tremendously shocked to see that the editor of the Yellow Extra and the business manager are among those included in the

sleuth's suspects. However, since much time and trouble and a great deal of expense has been incurred by the Yellow we feel that we owe the incensed public the result of this bit of sleuth work. Five men put out the Octopus. The interesting question is,—which five men or which four in the group are the guilty persons. Can you guess?

### COED IN BATHING SUIT CAUSES RIOT

Traffic was blocked, business suspended and classes dismissed at 11 o'clock yesterday morning when one of the Pi Phi girls, appeared on the campus veiled in a mere bathing suit and covered with a sweet smile.

Like the Lady Godiva of history, she flitted across the greensward in a garb of exceeding thinness and delicate texture.

The ever-modest Prexy A. Ross Hill, blushing to the roots of his hair, was the first to sound the alarm, and calling Irvin Switzler, who was pass-

news spread from the Medical Building, they rushed to the scene. The ing to the farm, and in less than thirty seconds the campus was fairly surging with innocent young college men. Beggars discarded their tin cups and glasses, and cripples threw away their crutches in the rush for 4107 Mo-Ex Todd Galley Sixteen the Quad. In jumping over his soda fountain Henry Satterlee stumbled and fell heavily, but was uninjured as he landed on a soft drink.

Immediately the girl was surrounded so closely that she called for air. Scores of men started to her assistance, but they got no closer than wireless telegraphing distance, and retired with badly dislocated faces, bent legs and tri-colored eyes.

The objective shinned up to the top of one of the Columns to address the

throng. "As you see," she said, "I have a good understanding, and am an artist at shinning. Just last night the girls made me climb up a telephone pole, and threatened to put me in the tub tonight, but I told them as University men could not take in such a sight, I would rather come out here like this."

Then she sang the latest song entitled "Why Boys Leave College" or "Take Me Back to the Garden of Eden," which was the occasion of a riot. The mounds were stormed and the Columns trembled under the terrific stampede. Lieutenant Eby finally restored order by threatening to use the University's new 42-centimeter gun.

The girl continued with her exhibition, a thrilling tight rope perform-

ance on the wireless telegraph wire that connects the Engineering Building with Isidor Loeb's apartment. During this remarkable feat someone discovered Prof. R. D. Miller focusing the big observatory telescope on her. Claiming that Miller was taking an unfair advantage of the crowd, Tom Barclay and Floyd Thatcher started for the observatory. They were stopped by Napoleon Ardroni who told them to let Miller alone, as he was too nearsighted to see anything even if he used the telescope.

During one of the actress's contortions on the wire, a frat that had been rushing a freshman, in the excitement made a mistake and pledged Joe Elliff.

Just then Thomas Wheelon, a Medic, was caught taking an X-ray

machine out of his pocket.

"What are you doing with that?" asked Asbury Roberts.

"Trying to see the Young Men's Christmas Assassination Building through her dress," replied Wheelon.

"But why use the X-ray, Tom?" asked Asbury.

The crowd suddenly scattered as Miss Eva Johnston, returning from a classy art exhibit at the Hippodrome, pushed her way up front, flourishing a blanket large enough to cover a hand-car. She called to the girl to descend, but the latter found she could not come down. Henry H. Moulton, 19 feet 19 inches tall, was called to her rescue. Standing on tiptoe he plucked her from off the Column, and amid cheers placed her safely on the ground.

After wrapping the object of at-

traction up in the blanket, Miss Johnston froze the crowd with an icy stare, but just then the sun came out and the crowd melted away.

#### President Hill Remains Calm.

When informed of the report concerning the five students who were arrested last evening for being drunk and disorderly on the campus, President Hill, with his usual calmness and tact, refused to discuss the matter.

"I have heard but little concerning the case," said Doctor Hill, "and you know it is never my custom to act hastily in such a matter." I always rely on the University Missourian to print the full accounts of such escapades and my course of action is always based on what I read in that valuable paper."

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